MY DREAM OF THE BIG PARADE

WORDS BY
AL. DUBIN

MUSIC BY
JIMMY McHUGH

Writers of "HINKY DINKY PARLEY VOO?"

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ARRANGEMENT BY M. KALUA

Play the melody of the Chorus while doing the Recitation

My Dream of the Big Parade

This recitation can either be done to rhythm or artists may take liberties having orchestra pick up voice at cue.

Recitation

2nd CHORUS
Emphasize the first word of each line on the beat of melody.

Millions of soldiers,— millions of men
All going over,— I see them again;
Oceans of water, submarines too,
Millions of sailors helping them through.
Millions of doughboys landing in Brest,
Marching and marching,— never a rest;
Millions of bullets thundering past,
Millions of buddies wounded and gassed.
Valleys of ruins, mountains of mud,
Beautiful rivers, and rivers of blood;
Aeroplanes flying,— bombs coming down,
Millions of cooties crawling around.
Pieces of shrapnel,— pieces of shell,
Many a cross where somebody fell.
Fighting and fighting,— a horrible war,
And God knows what you're fighting it for.

3rd CHORUS

Then came November,-that Armistice Day
Out of a trench into a cafe,
Paddy and Abie and Jimmy and Jack
Over their bottles of wine and cognac
Telling their love tales to Jean and Georgette,
Little French girls they had to forget.
And then came the journey over the foam,
But all that went over, didn't come home.

Sing

I saw Gold Star Mothers, sisters and brothers,
What a sacrifice they made;
I saw one legged pals coming home to their gals,
In my dream of the Big Parade.

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My Dream Of The Big Parade

Tune Ukulele as follows:

4th String — 1st String
(Nearest the Player) G C E A
3rd String — 2nd String

Words by
AL. DUBIN

Music by
JIMMY McHUGH
Ukulele arr. by M. Kalua

Moderato

f

Vamp *mp*

Last night I was dream - ing of
I saw Cha - teau Thier - ry all

Vamp *mf* *mp*

days that are gone, Of days that you might re - call, And
filled with mar - ines, I strolled by the riv - er Seine, I

just like a pho - to - play up - on my wall, Once more I saw it
saw all the vil - la - ges 'mid fields of green, In old Al - sace Lor -

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Published
For Male
Quartett
15 cents

all; It was just a dream you see,
raine; And the mem - 'ry ling - ers yet,

But how real it seemed to be.
They were scenes I can't for - get.

CHORUS

mp - f

I saw bud - dies true, march-ing two by two, In my dream of the Big Par -

mp - f

ade, I saw an - gels fair with the Red Cross there, In my

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dream of the Big Par - ade. I saw Gold Star Moth - ers,

sis-ters and broth - ers, What a sac - ri-fice they made;

rit. atempo

I saw one leg-ged pals com-ing home to their gals, In my

rit. f-ff atempo

1 2

dream of the Big Par - ade. I saw -ade.

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By AL DUBIN and F. HENRI KLICKMANN

Valse Andante

p (slowly)

Down the In-dian trail, where we go roam-in', By the wa-ters of the Per-ki-o-men,

(quasi pizz.)

mf

Ma-ny, ma-ny years a-go, when the moon was swing-ing low, War-ri-or bold, ten-der-ly told

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A Story, a Sentiment and a Song

IS IT A SIN MY LOVING YOU?

By EMMA CARUS
VINCENT BRYANT and
J. WALTER LEOPOLD

CHORUS

p-mf
a tempo
ad lib.

Is it a sin for sum-mer rain To bring life back un-to the rose a-gain? Is it a sin

for stars to shine? Is it a sin if I should call you mine? Is it a sin for birds to nest,

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